

THE TELEGRAPH.  
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BRADING & THOMSON.  
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Two Dollars and Fifty Cents.  
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be furnished at a liberal reduction in price.

# MEIGS COUNTY TELEGRAPH.

A Weekly Journal—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets and General Intelligence.

“ONE COUNTRY—ONE CONSTITUTION—ONE DESTINY.”

BY BRADING & THOMSON. POMEROY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1852. VOL. 4.—NO. 32.

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forbidden and charged accordingly.  
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Job Printing, of every description, will  
be executed with accuracy and neatness.

**The Begonism.**  
The following lines were transcribed and for-  
warded for publication, by a lady. Of the author-  
ship, we know nothing. The lines were occasioned  
by the death of a young lady.  
We hear her home—we hear her home,  
In the quiet grave to rest;  
And we hallow with tears the cold, damp earth,  
That falls on her lifeless breast.  
We hear her home—the loved and young,  
Late blooming fresh and fair;  
Now pale beneath the coffin lid,  
As the cold, white rose-bud there.  
We hear her home—we hear her home,  
Her spirit in vestments bright,  
Her spirit already has sweetly flown  
To the upward realms of light.  
We hear her home—we hear her home—  
The beautiful to the tomb;  
But we rest in hope that her spirit has gone  
To its more immortal home.

**Twenty Years Ago.**  
I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat be-  
neath the tree  
Upon the school-house play-ground, which shel-  
tered you and me;  
But none were there to greet me, Tom; and few  
were left to know,  
That played with us upon the grass, some twenty  
years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-footed boys  
at play,  
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits  
just as gay;  
But the "Master" sleeps upon the hill, which  
coated o'er with snow,  
Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.

The old school house is altered some; the benches  
are replaced  
By new ones, very like the same our penknives  
had defaced;  
But the same old bricks are in the wall; the bell  
swings to and fro,  
It's music's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty  
years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath  
that same old tree;  
I do forget the name just now—you've played the  
same with me,  
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by  
throwing so and so;  
The leader had a task to do—there, twenty years  
ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on  
its side  
Are larger than they were; Tom; the stream ap-  
pears less wide—  
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where  
once we played the boat,  
And swung our sweet-hearts—"pretty girls"—  
just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by  
the spreading beech,  
Is very low—'twas once so high that we could  
almost reach;  
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I  
started so,  
To see how much that I am changed, since twenty  
years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know, I  
cut your name,  
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you  
did mine the same;  
Some heartless wretch had peeled the bark—  
'twas dying sure but slow,  
Just as that one whose name was cut, died twenty  
years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came  
in my eyes;  
I thought of her I loved so well—those early bro-  
ken ties;  
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flow-  
ers to strew  
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty  
years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid—some sleep be-  
neath the sea;  
But few are left of our old class, excepting you  
and me;  
And when our time shall come, Tom, and when  
we're called to go,  
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty  
years ago.

For the Telegraph.  
MISSISS. EDITORS:—Permit me through your  
paper, to preach a short lay sermon to the  
citizens of Pomero. The text may be found in Prov. 11th chapter 24th verse—  
"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth;  
and there is that withholdeth more than is  
meet, but it tendeth to poverty." The doctrine  
of the text was doubtless intended to  
apply to all times and places. But the particu-  
lar note of its application may vary with  
the ever varying circumstances of time and  
place. The most obvious application of the  
text to the citizens of Pomero. at this time  
and under present circumstances I conceive  
to be in the want of a first class Hotel. Is  
it not manifest that in this respect we have  
withheld more than is meet? And is it  
not equally palpable that it tendeth to poverty,  
that a first class Hotel would add  
greatly to the business and prosperity of the  
place, there can be no doubt. That all our  
business men are interested in the establish-  
ment of one is equally clear. But that  
private individual enterprise at the present  
time, and under present circumstances is  
inadequate to the undertaking I think may  
be taken for granted. There will not then,  
for a long time to come, be erected such an  
establishment as the wants and interests of  
the place demand, unless the citizens gen-  
erally interest themselves in the matter.  
And now is the time to make the effort  
ever; for it is manifest to all that if the lot  
now vacant are not secured for that purpose,  
no favorable opportunity may not occur  
for years. Surely a plan can be de-

vised, by joint stock company or otherwise,  
that will secure the desired object. I know  
our business men have had a constant, and  
exhausting demand on their capital for im-  
provements essential to the very existence  
of Pomero. But we have arrived at a  
point in which all must see that to cease  
efforts will be to lose what has already been  
done; and that the object proposed is one of  
great present and permanent importance, is  
evident and felt by all. Now will not an en-  
lightened self-interest dictate to all that our  
true policy now is to "scatter" liberally, by  
taking stock; for in the end, in the na-  
ture of things it must bring the promised  
"increase" in the reputation of the Town  
abroad and the revival of business at home.  
But if we "withhold more than is meet" by  
neglecting the present opportunity, or re-  
fusing to do what we can to secure the erec-  
tion of such an establishment, will it not  
necessarily "tend to poverty" by lowering  
our reputation abroad, and drawing business  
to other points? Believing the subject to be  
one of vital importance to the citizens gen-  
erally, and to the business men of Pomero  
in particular, I propose that a public meet-  
ing be called to meet at the Court House  
on the 27th of August, to consider the sub-  
ject, and by concert of action secure the  
consummation of an object so devoutly to be  
desired.

**Downingville Ratification, at last.**  
DOWNINGVILLE, State of Maine,  
July 20, 1852.

**MR. GALE & SEATON,**  
Washington, Seat of Congress.  
MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS:—We've made  
out to ratify at last, but it was about as hard  
a job as it was for the Baltimore Convention  
to nominate. And I'm afraid the worst on  
his end over yet; for Uncle Joshua shakes his  
head and says to me, in a low tone, so the  
rest shan't hear, 'between you and me, Ma-  
jor, the 'lection will be a harder job still.'—  
I put great faith in Uncle Joshua's feelings.  
He's a regular political weather glass, and  
can always tell whether we are going to  
have it fair or foul a good ways ahead. So  
when he shakes his head I naturally look  
out for a stiff spell of weather. When I got  
home from Baltimore, says I, 'Well, Uncle  
Joshua, you got my letter in the *Intelligencer*;  
didn't you?' And says he, 'yes.'  
'Well, didn't we do that business up well?'  
says I. 'I don't know about that,' says  
Uncle Joshua; 'I have my doubts about it.'

'Why, don't you think, says I, 'the nomi-  
nation of General Pierce will put the Demo-  
cratic party on its legs again, and give it a  
fine start?'  
Uncle Joshua looked up to me kind of  
quizzical, and said he, 'It has got the party  
a pretty considerable of a start already, it  
comes so unexpected.' And then he set  
much as two minutes drumming his finger  
on the table, and didn't say nothin'.  
And then he looked up again, and says  
he, 'Major, who is General Pierce? It ain't  
a fictitious name, is it?'

'Why, Uncle Joshua,' says I, 'how you  
talk! It is General Franklin Pierce, of  
New Hampshire.'  
'General Franklin Pierce of New Hamp-  
shire, is it?' says he; 'well, now, Major, are  
you sure there is such a person, or did some-  
body play a hoax on the Baltimore Con-  
vention?'

'Yes,' says I, 'Uncle, I'm sure of it as  
I am that there is such a person as Uncle  
Joshua Downing. To make all sure of it,  
and no mistake, I come through New Hamp-  
shire, and went to Concord, where they say  
he lived, and inquired all about it. The  
neighbors there all knew him perfectly well,  
and showed me the house he lives in. He  
wasn't at home, or I should a seen him my-  
self, and should got his promise to keep the  
post office for you. But you needn't be  
afraid but what you'll have it, for I sent a  
telegram to him from Baltimore, as soon as  
he was nominated, to keep it for you.'

Here I see by the looks of Uncle Joshua's  
eyes that he begun to get hold of some new  
ideas. Says he, 'Well, Major, it is a fact,  
is it, that he was nominated in real earnest,  
and wasn't no joke?'

'Upon my word and honor,' says I, 'there  
ain't a particle of joke about it; it was all  
done in good earnest.'  
'Well, then, if you've really got a candi-  
date,' says Uncle Joshua, 'I should like to  
know something about him. Does he be-  
long to the Old Fogy class or young Ameri-  
can class?'

'I guess about half and half,' says I, 'and  
he'll be all the stronger for that, because he  
can draw votes on both sides.'  
'After all,' says he, 'I'm afraid it's a bad  
nomination. Them old pillars of the Demo-  
cratic party, General Cass, and Mr. Bu-  
chanan, and Governor Marcy, and General  
Houston, and the rest, will feel so insulted  
and mortified at being pushed aside for  
strangers to take the lead, that they'll all  
be agin the nomination, and their friends  
too, and that'll upset the whole kettle of  
fish.'

'Don't never fear that, Uncle Joshua,'  
says I; 'them old pillars that you speak of  
are all very much tickled with the nomi-  
nation. Yes, it broke the nose of Young  
America, and they were delighted with it—  
As soon as the nomination was out of the  
mouth, before it had time to cool, they all  
telegraphed right back to Baltimore that  
nothing in the world would have happened to  
suit 'em better; it was a most excellent nom-  
ination, and they felt under everlasting  
obligations to the Baltimore Convention—  
You needn't have no fears that they feel any  
coldness toward the nomination. They'll  
all turn to and work like beavers.'

'Well, how is it,' says Uncle Joshua,  
'about that boy-candidate for the Presidency,  
that they call Young America? If his nose  
is knocked out of joint he'll of course oppose  
the nomination, tooth and nail.'  
'There's where you are mistaken again,  
Uncle Joshua,' says I, 'on the contrary, he  
goes for it better than any of 'em; and he  
telegraphed back to Baltimore as quick as

lightning could carry it, that the nomination  
was just the thing; it couldn't be no better.  
You see, he looks upon it in the light that it  
chokes off all the Old Fogies, and leaves  
the field clear for him next time. He thinks  
so highly of the nomination, and feels so  
patriotic about it, they say he is going to  
stump it through all the States, and make  
speeches in favor of Gen. Pierce's election.  
You may depend upon it, Uncle Joshua,  
we've got a very strong nomination, one  
that'll carry all afore it; everybody is de-  
lighted with it, and everybody's going to go  
for it. I didn't expect you to hold back a  
moment. I thought you would have all  
things cut and dried for a cousin's ratification  
meeting by the time I got home.'

'Well, you know, Major,' said Uncle  
Joshua, 'I always follow Col. Crockett's rule,  
and never go ahead till I know I'm right—  
How foolish we should look to call a ratifica-  
tion meeting here in Downingville, and be  
voted right plump down. You know the  
Free Soilers are very strong among us; they  
are very strong in all the Northern States.  
And you know the Baltimore Convention  
fixed up a platform to stand on that's all in  
favor of the compromise and the fugitive  
law, and is dead set agin the Free Soilers.  
Now, Major, you must have more under-  
standing than to think the Free Soilers will  
ever swallow that platform, and if they don't  
we are dashed.'

'You are all wrong again, Uncle Joshua,'  
says I, 'for the biggest Free Soiler in all  
America swallowed it right down, and didn't  
make a wry face about it.'  
'Who do you mean?' says he.  
'I mean Mr. John Van Buren,' says I.  
'But you don't mean,' said Uncle Joshua,  
'that Mr. John Van Buren, accepts this plat-  
form, and is willing to stand on it?'

'Yes, I do exactly so,' says I, 'for he got  
right up in Tammany Hall and made a  
speech about it; and he said he would go  
the nomination, and he'd stand the platform;  
at all events, he'd stand the platform for  
this election, any how. You needn't be at  
all afraid of the Free Soilers, Uncle; they  
ain't so stiff as you think for, and they are  
as anxious to get the offices as anybody,  
and will work as hard for 'em. Now let us  
go to work and get up our ratification, and  
blow it out straight. The Democracy of the  
county expects Downingville to do its duty.'

'Well, Major,' says Uncle Joshua, 'you've  
made out a better case of it than I thought  
you could. I'm willing to take hold and  
see how we can do. When I declare I can't  
help laughing when I think it's General  
Pierce, of New Hampshire, we've got to  
ratify. I wish we knew something about  
him; something that we could make a little  
flourish about, and wake up the Demo-  
cracy.'

'Good gracious, Uncle Joshua,' says I,  
'have you been Postmaster of Downingville  
this twenty years, and always reading the  
papers, and don't know that General Pierce  
was one of the heroes of the Mexican war?'  
At that Uncle Joshua hopped out of his  
chair, like a boy, and says he, 'Major, is that  
a fact?'

'Yes,' says I, 'it is a fact. You know Mr.  
Polk sent me out there as a private ambassa-  
dor to look after General Scott and Mr.  
Trist. And General Pierce was out there;  
I knew all about it, and about his going  
wounded.'

'Good!' says Uncle Joshua, snapping his  
fingers; 'that's lucky; then we've got some-  
thing to go upon; something that the boys  
can hoarse about. And if we don't have  
too strong a team again as we may carry the  
day yet. Who do you think 'other party  
will put up?'

'Well,' says I, 'it's pretty likely to be Mr.  
Webster or Mr. Fillmore, and they can't  
either of 'em hold a candle to General  
Pierce.'

'Of course not,' says Uncle Joshua, 'if  
he was the hero of the Mexican war. I  
spose it was Gen. Scott's part of the war  
that he was in, because that's where you  
was. Which of the battles did he fight the  
bravest in, and now down most of the Mexi-  
cans? Did he help storm that Gibraltar  
castle at Vera Cruz?'

'No,' says I, 'that little matter was all  
over before General Pierce got there.'  
'Well, then the great battle of Cerro Gor-  
do come next,' said Uncle Joshua, 'I dare  
say General Pierce was foremost in march-  
ing up that bloody Bunker Hill, and driving  
off Santa Anna and his fifteen thousand  
troops.'

'I'm sure he would a been foremost if he'd  
only been there,' says I, 'but he hadn't got  
into the country yet, and General Scott  
wouldn't wait for him. It seems as if Gen-  
eral Scott is always in a hurry when there  
is any fightin' to do, and won't wait for no-  
body.'

'Well, the next great battle, if I remem-  
ber the newspapers right, said Uncle Joshua,  
was at Contreras; and after that came  
the bloody and hot times of Churubusco,  
and the King's Mill, and Chapultepec,  
and marching into the city of Mexico. These  
were the big battles, I s'pose, where General  
Pierce fit like a lion, and became the hero  
of the Mexican war. But which battle did  
he shine the brightest in, and cut down the  
most of the enemy?'

'The truth is,' says I, 'he got wounded at  
Contreras, and so wasn't able to take a part  
in them bloody affairs of Churubusco, and  
the King's Mill, and Chapultepec.'  
'Then he was in the battle of Contreras,'  
said Uncle Joshua, 'and that can't be dis-  
puted.'

'No, no; 'twasn't none of them things,'  
said I; 'the fact was, when he was skir-  
mishing round and getting shot at, his horse  
fell down on him, and he was killed.'  
Uncle Joshua colored a little, and not  
thought. At last he put up his hand, and  
says he, 'I s'pose you're right, and we can  
make a handle of it without any trouble.  
as to go into all the particulars of his  
every description, and the property of the  
Mexican Churches.'

'The army of the United States respects  
and always will respect, private property of  
every description, and the property of the  
Mexican Churches.'

'Mexicans!—The past cannot be remem-  
bered, but the future may be provided for—  
Repeatedly have I shown you that the Gov-  
ernment and people of the United States de-  
sire peace—desire your sincere friendship.'

'I am marching with my army upon  
Puebla and Mexico. I do not conceal it  
from those capitol I shall again address  
you. I desire peace, friendship and union.  
It is for you to elect whether you prefer  
war. Under any circumstances, be assured  
I shall not fail in my word.'

With such peaceful and conciliatory mes-  
sages did Gen. Scott address the Mexican  
people. And while he did so, he asked his  
soldiers to act as become Americans. No  
such humiliations as four-mouthed police-  
men would have the people believe, were  
ordered by him; and now I do, in justice to  
the Commander in Chief, and in justice to  
every soldier that followed him through the  
campaign, pronounce the charge a libelous  
falshood, and its author, if not a base de-  
bauchee, a political falsifier, whose blacken-  
ed truth is destitute of every principle of  
honor and honesty.

The slander originated, perhaps, from the  
fact that Col. Childs—a veteran officer of  
the 1st Artillery—did, while acting Governor  
of Jalapa, order the main-guard to salute  
the Host as it passed the guard house. I am  
not sufficiently posted up in the ceremonies  
of the Roman Church to give a correct de-  
scription of the parading of the Host. As  
much as I saw, however, it was a procession  
that formed at one of the churches, consist-  
ing of one or two priests bearing crosses;  
these were preceded by three boys, who  
carried bells, and rung them while the pro-  
cession moved, to notify the people of their  
approach. The priests are followed by sin-  
gle file processions, consisting of about thirty  
or forty, walking on either side of the  
street. These nearly all carry lanterns, (it  
being always in the night), and as they  
move along the streets singing chants, the  
Mexicans reverence it, by getting on their  
knees, where they remain uncovered until  
the procession is out of sight. When it  
passes a military post, the guard is always  
turned out to salute the Host. This they do  
by getting on their knees, and coming to  
present arms; and it was this that Col. Childs  
ordered our guard to do during a parade of  
the Host through the streets of Jalapa, and  
no one that is fully acquainted with the cir-  
cumstances of the case, will charge that  
veteran officer of impure motives in so order-  
ing it. I don't know what his principles are,  
nor do I care, whether he is a Whig or a  
Democrat, a Catholic or a Protestant—  
What care I for his political or religious  
creed, so long as he is consistent and pure  
in his motives! He thought it necessary to  
do so at that time, because our garrison was  
small, and the town large, and it was but  
prudent that we should have the good opinion  
of its superstitious inhabitants and make  
them favorably inclined toward us. Hence,  
as a matter of respect to the citizens of Ja-  
lapa he ordered the guard to salute the  
Host.

But where was Gen. Scott while all this  
was transacting at Jalapa? Just where he  
should have been—over one hundred miles  
in advance of the army at Puebla! He  
knew no more of this order of Col. Childs  
than did President Polk, who was then at  
Washington. I dare any of those sheets  
that gave publicly to the slander, to prove  
the contrary of this statement. Till then  
I'll wait.

**WILLIAM GRAEFF, Jr.,**  
Reading, Pa., July 1, 1852.

**Sound Doctrine.**  
Gen. Leslie Combs was invited by the  
Whig Central Committee to attend the Whig  
Mass Convention at Columbus on the 22d  
ult. It was impossible for him to attend;  
but his response to the invitation will be read  
with interest by all true Americans. We  
give it below:

**LITTLE COMPTON, R. I., July 16.**  
W. T. BASCOM, Esq.—  
Dear Sir:—Your letter on the 5th inst.  
has been forwarded to me from Lexington,  
Kentucky, inviting me to visit Columbus, on  
the 22nd, and address the Whig Mass Con-  
vention.

The situation of my family, at this time,  
will prevent my doing so, or short as is the  
notice, so deeply impressed am I, with the  
importance of the occasion, that I would  
certainly come and add my mite of influ-  
ence to the large amount, which I doubt not  
will be then and there concentrated, for the  
public good.

Never before, in my time, has an election  
been pending fraught with such conse-  
quences to the prosperity and happiness of  
the American people—never one in which  
the great valley of the Mississippi, especially,  
from the northern lakes to the gulf of Mex-  
ico, was so vitally interested.

From the time of Gen. Washington up to  
1846, the principle of protection to Ameri-  
can labor, was generally sanctioned in our  
system of revenue, by discriminating duties,  
and even Polk and Dallas were elected by  
fraudulently hoisting the Tariff flag of 1842  
to the mast head. Now, for the first time,  
the black British flag of free trade, is boldly  
hung out, and the past history of the Stand-  
ard Bearer of the Locooco Democracy, as-  
sembled in convention, at Baltimore, pro-  
ves them to be worthy of the position  
assigned them. Now, for the first time, in  
our history, do we witness the startling fact  
of the English Press, headed by the *Leis-  
ter Times*, the most potent daily paper in  
the world, taking sides in our party con-  
tention, and attempting to dictate to Ameri-  
can freemen.

Soon after the battle of Cerro Gordo, he  
addressed 'a humane and reassuring pro-  
clamation to the Mexican people.' In that  
document he tells them—  
'We have not profaned your temples, nor  
abused your women, nor seized your prop-  
erty as they would have you believe.'  
'We say this with pride, and we confirm  
it by your own bishops' &c.

'The army of the United States respects  
and always will respect, private property of  
every description, and the property of the  
Mexican Churches.'

'Mexicans!—The past cannot be remem-  
bered, but the future may be provided for—  
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turned out to salute the Host. This they do  
by getting on their knees, and coming to  
present arms; and it was this that Col. Childs  
ordered our guard to do during a parade of  
the Host through the streets of Jalapa, and  
no one that is fully acquainted with the cir-  
cumstances of the case, will charge that  
veteran officer of impure motives in so order-  
ing it. I don't know what his principles are,  
nor do I care, whether he is a Whig or a  
Democrat, a Catholic or a Protestant—  
What care I for his political or religious  
creed, so long as he is consistent and pure  
in his motives! He thought it necessary to  
do so at that time, because our garrison was  
small, and the town large, and it was but  
prudent that we should have the good opinion  
of its superstitious inhabitants and make  
them favorably inclined toward us. Hence,  
as a matter of respect to the citizens of Ja-  
lapa he ordered the guard to salute the  
Host.

But where was Gen. Scott while all this  
was transacting at Jalapa? Just where he  
should have been—over one hundred miles  
in advance of the army at Puebla! He  
knew no more of this order of Col. Childs  
than did President Polk, who was then at  
Washington. I dare any of those sheets  
that gave publicly to the slander, to prove  
the contrary of this statement. Till then  
I'll wait.

**WILLIAM GRAEFF, Jr.,**  
Reading, Pa., July 1, 1852.

**Sound Doctrine.**  
Gen. Leslie Combs was invited by the  
Whig Central Committee to attend the Whig  
Mass Convention at Columbus on the 22d  
ult. It was impossible for him to attend;  
but his response to the invitation will be read  
with interest by all true Americans. We  
give it below:

**LITTLE COMPTON, R. I., July 16.**  
W. T. BASCOM, Esq.—  
Dear Sir:—Your letter on the 5th inst.  
has been forwarded to me from Lexington,  
Kentucky, inviting me to visit Columbus, on  
the 22nd, and address the Whig Mass Con-  
vention.

The situation of my family, at this time,  
will prevent my doing so, or short as is the  
notice, so deeply impressed am I, with the  
importance of the occasion, that I would  
certainly come and add my mite of influ-  
ence to the large amount, which I doubt not  
will be then and there concentrated, for the  
public good.

Never before, in my time, has an election  
been pending fraught with such conse-  
quences to the prosperity and happiness of  
the American people—never one in which  
the great valley of the Mississippi, especially,  
from the northern lakes to the gulf of Mex-  
ico, was so vitally interested.

From the time of Gen. Washington up to  
1846, the principle of protection to Ameri-  
can labor, was generally sanctioned in our  
system of revenue, by discriminating duties,  
and even Polk and Dallas were elected by  
fraudulently hoisting the Tariff flag of 1842  
to the mast head. Now, for the first time,  
the black British flag of free trade, is boldly  
hung out, and the past history of the Stand-  
ard Bearer of the Locooco Democracy, as-  
sembled in convention, at Baltimore, pro-  
ves them to be worthy of the position  
assigned them. Now, for the first time, in  
our history, do we witness the startling fact  
of the English Press, headed by the *Leis-  
ter Times*, the most potent daily paper in  
the world, taking sides in our party con-  
tention, and attempting to dictate to Ameri-  
can freemen.

They go for Pierce and King, against  
Scott and Graham. Shall we submit? Shall  
we give up what our Revolutionary fathers  
fought and died for, and gloriously wrested  
from the haughty king of England, or by  
bold, united resistance, maintain our dear-  
bought liberties? Trusting in Providence  
and a good cause, I am for battle—now and  
forever—not doubting that our appeal to the  
patriotism and intelligence of the people,  
will prove triumphantly successful.

Again, if Pierce and King be elected,  
farewell forever, to all improvements of the  
harbors upon our great lakes, and the naviga-  
tion of our rivers. Millions upon millions  
will annually be taxed upon the sweat of  
our faces, to regulate and protect foreign  
commerce. Not a dollar to facilitate com-  
merce among the interior States. Salt water  
traffic will be decided constitutional, but fresh  
water repudiated, as dangerous to State rights,  
and violative of the resolutions of '93, '99!!  
and the Democratic Baltimore Platform!!  
Will Ohio, thus help to disfranchise her  
Will Ohio, thus help to pay taxes forever to support  
a system of policy so ruinous to all her in-  
terests? Until the deed is done, I will never  
believe it.

Would to God, I had a voice loud enough  
to be heard from end to end, from side to  
side, of her broad fertile fields. I would wake  
up her husbandmen and laborers every  
where, to assert and maintain their rights.  
To demand, that as they have an equal share  
of the burthens of the United States Gov-  
ernment, they shall receive and enjoy an  
equal portion of its benefits and bless-  
ings.

Very truly,  
Your most obt. servant,  
**LESLIE COMBS.**

**Hon. John Welch.**  
We find the following notice of our Rep-  
resentative in Congress in "The Hunniss,"  
a paper published in Washington City, and  
edited by Mrs. Anna Royall. It appears  
that Mr. Welch is attracting the notice of  
the ladies:

"Mr. W. is a new member of the Thirty-  
Second Congress, from Ohio, and comes in  
the form of Hon. Samuel F. Vinton. He  
is rather young looking, being under the  
middle age, of proper height, rather stout,  
with a pleasing form, and bespeaks physical  
strength and vigor—add to this a striking  
expression of steady dignity in look and at-  
titude, and you may form a correct idea of  
a true native Western man, no matter which  
state he hail from. His face is partially  
round, of the middling shade, rather thin,  
with regular, manly features. His hair is  
jet black, fine, and glossy. His massive  
forehead, somewhat angular, is stamped with  
magnanimity and candor, and denotes that  
unshrinkable independence, the noblest attri-  
bute of man. His firm, unwavering brow  
has great expression, and while marked with  
firm, manly pride, has a lingering kindness  
in which neither fear nor flattery mingles.  
His full, dark gray eye, bright as gems, is  
cool and penetrative, and bespeaks mind and  
judgment—this is manifest in his counte-  
nance—displays a powerful intellect. His  
manners are plain and natural. Mr. W. is  
a native Buckeye."

We call the attention of our readers to  
the following, which we clip from the In-  
dianapolis State Journal. It shows that Mr.  
Pierce has no more regard for the landless  
poor, than he has for the improvement of  
the Western rivers and harbors. We do  
not believe that the people of the West Ge-  
nerally will be governed by the kind of policy  
the candidate of the Locooco party has  
advocated all his life, and that they will  
signify their dissent most emphatically at  
the polls next November.—State Journal.

**PIERCE AND KING AGAINST THE POOR SET-  
TLER.**—We call public attention to the votes  
of Pierce and King, the Democratic candi-  
dates for President and Vice President of  
the United States, upon the following propo-  
sition for the benefit of the poor settler in  
the West, which the vote stood ayes  
21 noes 23. [See Senate Journal, Jan. 14,  
1852.] "And be it further enacted, that  
when any of the public lands of the United  
States have remained unsold for the space  
of fifteen years after the termination of the  
public sales, the same may be entered and  
purchased by actual settlers, on the follow-  
ing terms, to wit: If a settler is desirous to  
purchase for a residence eighty acres, he  
may enter and purchase the same at fifty  
cents per acre." No—Franklin Pierce,  
Wm. R. King! The votes of the Senators  
from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky,  
Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Michigan,  
and Tennessee, without regard to party,  
were given for this humane provision, which  
was defeated by the votes of Pierce and King  
and yet the poor man of the West is asked  
to vote for these men.

**Testimony of a Democrat and a  
Southerner.**  
We presume that, among our Democratic  
fellow-citizens, at least, the opinion of Ex-  
Governor John A. Quitman, of Mississippi,  
is entitled to some weight. The genuineness  
of his "Democracy," and his honest,  
but somewhat misdirected devotion to the  
South, have, we believe, never been ques-  
tioned, even by the bitterest of his political  
opponents. A gentleman from New Orleans,  
who was a fellow passenger of Gen. Quit-  
man a few days since on a steamer bound  
up the river, asked his opinion of General  
Scott.

"Sir," said the Governor, in reply, "the  
American people have never done General  
Scott justice. The more that man's charac-  
ter and claims to distinction are canvassed,  
the higher will be the stand he will take in  
the admiration and gratitude of his country-  
men."